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Local and Personal

Commencement numbers of the "Oriole" for sale at the PRESS office.

Prof. I. W. Snow has gone to Berkeley where he is attending the U. of C.

Mr. Charles Burke of Turlock was a week-end guest at the Fablinger home.

Miss Matie Sawyer returned from her school near King City Saturday evening.

Miss Abbie Sykes has not as yet definitely settled her plans for the vacation.

Fred Evans went to Alameda Sunday to spend about a month visiting his uncle.

Ben Rodeck accompanied his sisters to Los Angeles Saturday for a rest and recreation.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Ludwig and William are enjoying a vacation at Mt. Hermon this week.

STRAYED—One female collie dog. Reward for her return to, J. G. Masel, Campbell.

Lost: Child's blue coat Saturday at Interurban Station, Campbell. Finder kindly return to this office.

Misses Cora and Elizabeth McGuire have gone to the Big Basin where they are spending a part of their vacation.

Mrs. Katherine Pratt, first class up-to-date Dressmaker.

55 N. 1st St. Campbell, Cal.

Professors Cramer and Zeidler will spend the major part of their vacation in Campbell, possibly in the fruit work.

Clifford Berry is one of the graduates from "The Polytechnic College of Engineering" at Oakland, which held its commencement Tuesday evening. Mrs. Berry was up to attend the exercises.

Miss Merna Sawyer has accepted a position in the Cambrian school, made vacant by the resignation of Mr. Taylor. Miss Sawyer is one of this year's graduates from the San Jose State Normal.

Mrs. John Gratton who recently came from Bloomfield, Colorado, to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Williams, has decided to remain here. Two of her sons will come later to attend the local schools.

"The J. C. Ainsley Packing Company desire full particulars of all rooms, cottages and other accommodations available in the town." Women and girls desiring work for the coming season are requested to register promptly.

Rev. and Mrs. Geo. E. Atkinson sail from San Francisco Monday for San Pedro, to be absent for three weeks. They will visit relatives at Riverside, going on to San Diego, where Mr. Atkinson will supply the pulpit of the First Congregational church on July 5th.

Ice Cream, Water Ices, Sherbets, Ice Cream Bricks, Punches, Frozen Berries, Frozen Apples—we make anything in that line. If you are going to give a party or get married or anything like that, let us fix you up with something that's really good.

KING'S.

Mrs. L. J. Sears and daughter, Pearl, returned home to Wrights Sunday morning after several weeks stay here with Mrs. Sears's sister, Mrs. M. J. Wilson. Pearl was here receiving medical treatment for a badly fractured arm. They expect to return here later for further treatment.

The Press is in receipt of a letter from Roy R. Thompson mailed May 31st and dated, U. S. S. Maryland, Manzanillo, Mexico, enclosing one of Uncle Sam's paper dollars for a years subscription. He stated that things were very quiet at that point, that in fact, they had almost forgotten there is any trouble since they left the United States.

Mrs. A. H. Baker and children, Bliss and Pauline, leave this afternoon for Abilene, Tex., where they will spend a couple of months visiting Mr. and Mrs. Baker's parents. That is unless it becomes too hot, when, Mrs. Baker says, she knows where it is comfortable, with cool nights, and will take the next train for Campbell. Mr. Baker will enjoy (?) the delights of keeping bachelor's hall.

The marriage of Miss Ethel B. Catton to Mr. H. B. P. Carden of Marysville, will be solemnized Saturday morning at 10:30 o'clock at Trinity Church, in Oakland. Miss Catton has been one of the most popular and efficient teachers in the Campbell High School for a number of years and has made many friends among the citizens, all of whom unite in wishing her every happiness in her future home.

On the afternoon of June 22nd Viola Louise Dowton celebrated her fifth birthday at her home on South 2nd St. The guests played a variety of games, after which light refreshments were served. They then departed wishing their hostess many happy returns of the day. Those present were Eva and Willie Robinson, Miriam, Margaret, Franklin, Pauline and George Blaine, Billy Aldrich, Donald Denmore, Ruth Powell, Azelia Lanz and Sydney, Milla and Viola Dowton.

Hoerler-Dwyer**Wedding**

The very pretty wedding of Henry V. Dwyer and Velma I. Hoerler was solemnized on June 17, at 8 p. m., at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Hoerler of Los Gatos. Judge W. L. Pearce conducted the service.

Pink and white were the colors chosen for decoration. The charming and accomplished bride was beautifully gowned in a white crepe de chine, with a combination of white brocaded silk crepe, the waist a full kimono effect, cord gathered, crossed fronts, finished with lace banding and silk sash, deep tuxedo opening, the long skirt with tunic droop, and long veil caught with heir-loom orange blossoms, which have adorned the heads of all the brides of the family for three generations. The bride carried a bouquet of Cecil Brunner roses and Breath of Heaven. She was given away by her father.

Mr. Harley E. Hoerler, brother of the bride was best man, and Miss Elva H. Hoerler, the bride's sister, was bridesmaid. She looked charming in pink satin draped with pink figured chiffon.

The bridal cortege was led by little Miss Ida Hoerler, a niece of the bride, who carried a dainty basket of roses, scattering them in the path of the bride; and little Miss Pearl Sears, of Wrights, bearing in her hand a small white, plush pillow with the ring. The two little girls looked very sweet in their pink and white silk frocks and bows.

Mr. Walter Wallace sang, "To Have, To Hold, To Love", the words by Darl MacBoyle, Mrs. Gladys Wallace acting as accompanist, and also playing the wedding march.

After the ceremony, a reception was held in the home where one hundred friends were bountifully served, during which time Miss Evoline Wallace and Mr. Doris Wallace sang delightfully at intervals.

Many beautiful, useful and valuable gifts were received by Mr. and Mrs. Dwyer.

At 11 o'clock p. m. the bride donned her beautiful traveling costume, and the couple departed in a motor car amidst a shower of rice for their honeymoon to a place known only to themselves. Their future home will be at Turlock.

The much loved and accomplished young bride leaves a host of friends in this county where she has lived since birth. She was graduated from the Campbell high school, and from the State Normal of San Jose. She has been a successful teacher the last three years. The best wishes of many friends follow her to her new home.

Mr. Dwyer is a very promising young man, is well liked, and highly esteemed by all who know him.

Miss Elmarie Hultbert will come from Pacific Grove soon to visit friends and relatives here for a part of her vacation.

Miss Genevieve Davis, who recently underwent an operation for appendicitis is expected home from the hospital today.

Mrs. Calista Atkinson and daughter, Miss Minnie, have moved into the house on Minna Street recently vacated by Aleck Adam.

Chas. Townsend and family went to Capitola, Monday, for their annual vacation. Claude is substituting for his father on the mail route, and will go over later.

Mrs. A. J. Farley, Misses Phebe and May went to Pacific Grove yesterday for outing. Miss Amy who went to Gilroy last week for a visit, went on to the Grove yesterday to meet the first.

Miss Phoebe Mitchell has resigned her position in the local schools because of her election to teach sixth grade and manual training, her specialty, in the Willow Glen school which is near her home.

Aleck Adam was the happy victim of a surprise party Saturday evening, arranged by Mrs. Adam in honor of his 32d birthday. Various games passed a pleasant evening after which refreshments of ice cream and cake were served, the birthday cake with its miniature candles lighting the room. The guests present were Mr. and Mrs. P. Arnett and Miss Myrtle Arnett, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Townsend and family, Mrs. Mabel Henry and daughter, Evelyn, and Mr. H. Harper.

Conscience.

A man's first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; his next to escape the censures of the world. If the last interfere with the former it ought to be entirely neglected, but otherwise there cannot be a greater satisfaction to an honest mind than to see those approbations which it gives itself seconded by the applause of the public. A man is more sure of his conduct when the verdict which it passes upon his own behavior is thus warranted and confirmed by the opinion of all that know him.—Addison.

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Christian Science Services

In Odd Fellows' Hall every Sunday morning, at 11 o'clock. Subject for June 28th is "Christian Science." Sunday-School at 12:15. The public is cordially invited.

Congregational Church

"The Friendly Church just around the Corner."

The theme for Sunday morning, June 28, "The Laid up Goodness of God". Short talk to the boys and girls. C. E. as usual at 6:30 p. m. For the evening the Pastor has procured a set of slides "Remote Places in the Philippines". This is the first time the set has been used in California, having just come from the east. Come and with your friends enjoy this treat. "A comfortable pew awaits you."

GEO. E. ATKINSON, Pastor.

Help Wanted

Women and girls to work in both our Canning and Drying departments. Good wages and plenty of work. Season begins early on apricots. Come and register.

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J. D. SAWYER

Candidate for Constable

Campbell Township

Primary Election Aug. 25, 1914.

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Candidate for Constable of Campbell Township

T. L. SHARP

Present Incumbent

(Adv)

Justice of the Peace of Campbell Township

A. J. FARLEY

Present Incumbent

My Motto Is:

"Legal Impartial Judgment"

(Adv)

UNSELFISH TO THE END

WHY CONSIDERATE MAN SOUGHT
FEW MORE DAYS OF LIFE.

Thought of Hard Work for the
Horse—Record of One Good Cit-
izen as Related by Caleb Peas-
lee to Pessimist.

"Now and then," remarked Caleb Peaslee, thoughtfully, "you run across a genuine considerate man, one that just naturally thinks of kindly things."

"Huh!" grunted Mr. Hyne. "I guess they ain't very plenty."

"No," agreed Caleb readily, "they ain't, much as they're needed. But this town of Dilmouth used to have one—he died, I guess, before you moved over here. I've been thinkin' of him more'n once today. Mebbe it's because this is the sort of day he used to like—kind of warm and pleasant, like a good deed done kindly. Wilbur Aiken was his name. You don't remember him, do you?"

"I've heard of him," Mr. Hyne admitted, guardedly. "Wasn't he kind of easy-goin', and didn't folks use to im-
pose on him?"

"Some did," acknowledged Mr. Peaslee. "There's folks that'll impose on their own mothers. But sometimes he helped 'em do the imposin'. Take the time when that Frenchman's family had scarlet fever, and he couldn't work out, 'count of the board of health. They didn't have a namable thing to eat in the house, and he went to skrimishin' round nights to see what he could find layin' round loose. He came to Wilbur Aiken's house, and got the outside cellar door open, but it squeaked so loud it scared him away—'fraid he'd wake up the folks in the house, you know. What would you have done if you'd known it, same as Wilbur knew it?"

"Took a shotgun to him," grunted Mr. Hyne, promptly.

"Wilbur didn't," said Mr. Peaslee, placidly. "He took some goose ile, and greased the hinges so they didn't squeak a mite, and then he set out a ham, and some potatoes, and a sack of flour, and a round of pork, right handy on a bench near the door, and in the mornin' they were gone."

"Of course," commented Mr. Hyne, pessimistically. "More fool he for doin' it."

"Oh, well," observed Caleb, cheerfully, "he didn't really lose 'em out-right, for the next hayin' the Frenchman came and worked for him, and wouldn't take any pay for two days he worked, so I guess Wilbur didn't lose by it, and he saved hurtin' the man's feelin's. That was his way."

"And the result was," went on Caleb, warmly, "that there wasn't a man in town that didn't like him, nor one single child that didn't think the world and all of Wilbur Aiken. Even the brute beasts seemed to take to him more'n they did to most of us. I know his cows did better, gave more milk than any others in town, and his horses were always as fat and as sleek as otters. The last word that he ever spoke to me was about kindness to horses."

"You know what the hill road is, goin' to the buryin' ground, in the spring of the year—mud clear to the hubs, and no more footin' for a horse than there would be on a quakin' bog? Well, a few days before Wilbur passed away I went up there to see him. He 'was layin' in the bed in the spare room, and he looked so worn-out and thin that when I went in I couldn't speak a word. He reached out and took my hand and held it while he talked to me—just a whisper was all he could manage."

"Don't look so sorry, Caleb," he whispered. "You've no need to feel any worse about it than I do, and I don't feel bad at all, and then he had to stop for breath."

"I just want to hang on till the middle of May," he says, after he got his breath again—"till it gets settled travelin' and the mud dries up some. I hate to think of the horses havin' to haul me up that hill in mud-time."

Youth's Companion.

REMAKING OF NEW ZEALAND

Native Polynesian Race Is Disappear-
ing Before European—Forests
to Be Replaced.

More rapid changes in animal and vegetable life, says Science, are taking place in New Zealand than almost anywhere else in the world. The native Polynesian race is disappearing before the European; the native wild animals amount to little in contest with imported species, many of which now run wild; the streams are full of American and European trout, which attain an enormous size; and even the forests are to be replaced by planting foreign trees as the native ones disappear. Eleven million larches, oaks, spruces, Douglas firs and eucalypts have already been planted, and vast numbers of seedlings are coming in all the time. The reason for replacing the native trees with species from the United States, Europe and Australia is that those of New Zealand are too slow of growth, although some of them produce excellent timber. The plantations thrive everywhere.

ON THE
FUNNY
SIDE

IN GREATER NEED OF BEER

Beggar Given Nickel to Buy Some-
thing to Eat Spends Money for
Liquid Refreshments Instead.

The talk turned to the professional beggar the other night, and B. B. Comer of Alabama told of an incident that happened in a metropolitan city.

A party named Smith was going down the street one afternoon, Mr. Comer said, when he was approached by a beggar who looked like a cross between a ton of misery and a comic valentine.

"Excuse me, sir," plaintively said the beggar, "couldn't you give me the price of a small sandwich? I haven't tasted food for two days."

Smith, feeling sorry for the poor specimen, gave him a nickel and went on down street. Suddenly he remembered that he had passed a place where he intended to stop, and turned back. He was just in time to see the beggar coming out of a saloon.

"Look here, you gink!" heatedly cried Smith. "You told me that you hadn't tasted food for two days, and yet you took the money that I gave you to buy beer!"

"Yes, sir," was the calm rejoinder of the beggar, "but I hadn't tasted beer for two and a half days."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

BEHIND THE TIMES.



Deacon Hardscrabble—My boy, I didn't smoke cigars when I was your age.

Muggsy—Wh-hah—I don't s'pose you'd little country slobd did have de advantages we's got.

It Works That Way.

"How is Dick getting along with the woman that married him to reform him?"

"She has reformed him, all right."

"Sure enough?"

"You bet. Before he was married he used to be as good as a meal ticket for me, but when I met him yesterday and tried to borrow a five he made me pay back a tenner I owed him."

Beyond the Husband Stage.

"You say you are your wife's third husband?" said one man to another during a talk.

"No, I am her fourth husband," was the reply.

"Heavens, man!" said the first man, "you are not a husband—you're a habit."

What He Got for Asking.

"Do you know you are three hours late to supper?"

"Yes, I met Jinx."

"And Jinx means drinks."

"Not this time. I asked Jinx what his wife said to him when he got home at midnight last night, and he hung onto me and told me every word of it."

What He Earned and What He Got.

"I don't believe any man remembers the first dollar he ever earned, though a great many claim that they do."

"I do."

"Now, what was there about it that fixed it so firmly in your memory?"

"Because all I got was a nickel."

History's Repetition.

"Our great railroads were made possible by a genius who noted that the force of steam lifted the lid of a kettle."

"Yes," replied the railway director; "and now the problem is to keep the pot boiling without blowing the lid entirely off."

Crash of Opinions.

"You may be compelled to meet criticism."

"I know it," replied Senator Sordum. "And I am a little afraid that I am going to have to meet it in a way that will convey the impression of a head-on collision."

OMELETS IN SEASON

ESPECIALLY APPROPRIATE JUST
NOW WITH VEGETABLES.

Finely Chopped Spinach Is One of the
Special Favorites—For Those
Fond of Chives—Made With
Smoked Fish.

A vegetable omelet especially suited to the season is spread with finely chopped spinach, highly seasoned with paprika, salt and pepper, moistened with butter. To many tastes this is to be preferred to the spinach puree, which results from pressing the boiled spinach through a sieve. This particular omelet was garnished with two mounds of the finely chopped spinach, each one set on a round of fresh tomato which had been sauteed in a little butter. The combination of colors as well as the flavors seemed a little out of the ordinary.

For the lover of chives comes an omelet in which finely chopped chives are sprinkled generously through the egg mixture before cooking. There is no filling in this form of omelet, but with it is served a spoonful of rich cream sauce, yellow with the yolk of an egg and with chopped chives sprinkled in two crossing lines over its surface, forming a pretty garnish to the dish.

Sorrel, that special delight of the French, is also an excellent addition to the omelet. It is generally used in the form of a puree for the filling of the omelet and also as a garnish around it. This is a piquant bit of flavoring not sufficiently used in this country, but easily found at any green grocer's, especially in a foreign quarter of the city.

A plain omelet mixture into which is beaten finely chopped parsley, chives and sorrel results in a savory dish, which because of its green tone is appropriately garnished with overlapping rings of green peppers which have been either parboiled or sauteed. This makes an attractive dish for luncheon or supper, and if something more elaborate is desired a spoonful of thick cream sauce may be placed within each alternating ring of green pepper.

The combination of smoked or salted fish is another surprise in the way of a new omelet. Smoked salmon is particularly appetizing to use in this way and is being served in flakes beaten through the entire omelet or mixed with cream sauce into a smooth paste and used as a filling and garnish. Flakes of salt codfish, browned in a little butter and scattered over the surface of the omelet just before folding, also give an unusual flavor, relished by the somewhat critical spring appetite.

The Moth Evil.

Moths deposit their eggs in spring. This, therefore, is the time to put away furs and woollens for the summer. It is not the moth, but the maggot of the moth that does the mischief. To effectually preserve them from the ravages of these insects thoroughly beat the furs with a thin rattan, and air them for several hours; then carefully comb them with a clean comb, wrap them up in newspapers (moths dislike the printing ink of newspapers) perfectly tight, and put them away in a thoroughly tight chest, lined with tin or cedar wood.

They should be taken out and examined in the sun at least once a month.

Camphor is said to be one of the best preventives as well as the oldest known.

Rago-a-Muffins.

Three cupfuls flour, four level teaspoonfuls baking powder, two tablespoonfuls sugar, about three-fourths cupful of milk, one-half teaspoonful cinnamon, one-half cupful currants or chopped raisins, two tablespoonfuls butter. Mix as for biscuits. Roll out to one-fourth inch thickness in a long sheet, brush with butter and sprinkle with fruit, sugar and cinnamon. Roll like a jelly roll. Cut off pieces three-fourths inch in thickness. Bake in buttered tin in hot oven and about fifteen or eighteen minutes.

Poor Man's Stew.

Line bottom of baking dish with very thin slices of salt pork, then a layer of sliced potatoes (thin layer), a layer of split crackers. Put in another layer of potatoes, onions and crackers. Cover with milk and bake like scalloped potatoes. You probably will have to add more milk, as crackers take up a lot.

Potato Puff.

Melt a dessertspoonful of butter in a cup of hot milk, add two cupfuls of cold mashed potatoes and beat until light, then add one egg and two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, with a pinch of salt and dash of pepper to season, and then beat again thoroughly. Four into a baking dish and bake a nice brown.

Potato Straws.

Pare and cut raw potatoes into slices one-quarter of an inch thick; cut these into narrow strips or straws and soak in cold water an hour. Dry on a cloth and fry in deep hot fat until crisp and well colored. Drain on paper and sprinkle with salt. Serve with chops.

To Freshen Black Kid Gloves.
Mix a teaspoonful of salad oil with a few drops of black ink. Apply with a feather and then dry the gloves in the sun.

A MAN'S PRIVILEGE

The Rich One Bought the Pres-
ents, But the Poor One
Got the Girl.

By J. A. TIFFANY.

He had not known her more than a year, yet it seemed like a lifetime; for he felt that he had only begun to live since his first meeting with her. She had seemed like a child that night—she was ten years younger than he—and not many months out of college; but with all her girlish grace and freshness, her pouting, baby lips and clear, sweet voice, she had the poise and intellect of a woman of thirty.

With him it had been a case of love at first sight—love hot, tempestuous, yet unselfish.

The introduction had come about accidentally. It was by the merest chance that he had met Dick Darlington that evening at Altman's restaurant. Darlington seemed to be one of a supper party of half a dozen men and women who had dropped in after the theater. Darlington had put out his hand and said:

"Hello, Brinsley! You are just in time to do me a favor. Special messenger here a minute ago with word for me to go up and see the old man tonight. You know I leave for Europe and a trip round the world for my concern tomorrow. I want to introduce you to my cousin, Miss Malcolm, and to get you to see her home."

A moment later, and Darlington was gone, leaving Brinsley with a young lady whom he immediately declared to himself was "simply divine."

For the last year Brinsley had been Miss Malcolm's shadow. His first advance had been to send her a magnificent bouquet, after he had known her a week. When he called in the evening he found her wearing one of his robes on her breast. She had smiled that entrancing smile of hers and thanked him prettily for the flowers.

From presents of flowers the way had been easy to automobile rides, opera boxes and suppers tete-a-tete. He had contrived to learn the date of her birthday, and when it came he had ventured to send her a present of a magnificent necklace.

She had met him that evening with a grave face and a constrained manner. He thought she was going to make him take his present back. She gave him a chair and seated herself in another near him.

"Mr. Brinsley," she said, "it was very kind of you to think of my birthday; but you have no—you ought not to send me such presents."

She took up the leather case that was lying on a table at her elbow; and he thought that she was going to hand it back to him. But she opened it, and apparently succumbed to the dazzling beauty of the gems.

"Oh, aren't they lovely!" she exclaimed. "It must be nice to be rich, Mr. Brinsley—if only for the pleasure that one can give to others. And then, too, the rich man has so many privileges. It's really terrible to be poor. I have only two thousand a year, for everything."

She toyed with the necklace for a moment, then closed the case with a sigh, and laid Brinsley's present back on the table.

"I don't know what makes you so good to me," she said, after a moment's silence on both sides.

Brinsley had been waiting for some such opening. He started to tell her that if he was good to her, it was simply because he loved her, but she had jumped up, exclaiming:

"Oh! I must show you my other presents—some of them very pretty, but none so valued as yours."

Several times in the weeks following he had tried to come to the point of telling her he loved her; but she had always interrupted him and put him off with a pretty maiden unconsciousness that might have seemed like supreme finesse in an older woman. Yet they had been calling each other by their Christian names for a long time.

Once—it was at Christmas—he had kissed her. The impulse had been irresistible; but though Mollie had not made a fuss, he had not done it again.

A piece of mistletoe hung in the doorway between the two parlors; and as she came from the inner room, they met right under it. Suddenly he had put his arm round her waist, drawn her to him, stooped over and kissed her lips. It was entirely unpremeditated, but before their lips had met he was wondering what would be the consequence of his temerity. Then the contact had thrilled him. He felt that no penalty would be too great to pay for that momentary bliss. But instead of springing away from him, Mollie had laid her head on his shoulder, her breast pressing heavily against his, and for a brief second she had looked up at him under her long, drooping lashes, with eyes that seemed to confess a love long cherished but studiously dissimulated.

Then she had disengaged herself and taken a seat with the table between them, and for the rest of the evening she had been the happy, light-hearted, inconsequential girl he had known for months back.

Once since that night he had tried to kiss her, but she had repulsed him gently, saying simply:

"No, please, Fred, you must not do that."

But he had loaded her with pres-

ents—presents of jewelry, of pictures, books and bric-a-brac; and they had gone everywhere and been seen everywhere together.

Brinsley had found the friendship of Mollie Malcolm so delightful that he had been afraid to put his fortunes to the hazard. He had shrunk from saying anything that might make it impossible for him to continue even in his present unsatisfactory relations with her.

But now—after a year of this platonic friendship—he felt that the time had come for him to speak out like a man, and to know his fate. He sent her a costly bouquet during the day, and in the evening went up to her apartment, faultlessly groomed and manured.

Mollie became grave the moment she saw him, and he found it difficult to begin. After a few futile efforts on both sides to say something to put one another at ease, Mollie looked up with one of her old radiant smiles, and said:

"Oh, Fred! I have some news to tell you. Dick will be home next week."

"Dick?" Brinsley repeated, interrogatively. "Who is Dick?"

"Why, Dick Darlington," said Mollie, raising her eyebrows with a sort of aggrieved air.

"Oh, yes—your cousin. I remember, he introduced us; but, really, I had only a very slight acquaintance with Mr. Darlington—though, of course, I shall be glad to know him better for your sake, as he is your cousin."

"Well, he always calls himself my cousin, but, really, we are not so nearly related as that. You see, his father and my mother were cousins. The connection is very slight. But we are going to be married when Dick has been home a month."

Brinsley got out of the room and got home, somehow. He never remembered how. Nobody saw him for a week. Miss Malcolm never saw him again.

But on the morning of her wedding day she had a note from him. She read it with a smile, and sighed as she dropped it into the stove.

"Poor man," she said to herself. "It's too bad. Of course, if anything had happened to Dick while he was in Africa or any of those places, that would have made a difference."

They had been on their honeymoon a week, when one morning Dick Darlington looked up from the newspaper and said:

"Why, Mollie, Fred Brinsley is dead! He was buried yesterday. Died from an overdose of strychnia—must have been drinking heavily. And—what's this?—why, bless my soul!—he's left his fortune to you."

Mollie went over and sat on her husband's knee. She glanced over the paragraph that he had just been reading. Then, putting her arms round Dick's neck, she kissed him on the cheek and said:

"Poor Mr. Brinsley. It was an odd fancy, wasn't it—to leave his money to me. Well, dear, we can buy that old-fashioned mansion on the hill, now, that you have always admired so much."

(Copyright, 1914, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

Knew Father's Ways.

Here is one that was told by Congressman Henderson M. Jacoway of Arkansas the other night in speaking of how wise the average little wife is to the ways of father.

Mrs. Black was in the dining-room waiting for Black to come down to breakfast when the servant girl hustled into mother's presence with a look of distress written all over her features.

"Oh, ma'am," she excitedly exclaimed, "what shall I do? The dog has stolen the meat for Mr. Black's breakfast and it is too late to get any more!"

"That's too bad," returned Mrs. Black, thoughtfully. "Is there anything exciting in the paper this morning?"

"Yes, ma'am," wonderingly answered the servant girl. "A big fire, a steamship collision and the rumored sale of a baseball team."

"Good!" returned Mrs. Black. "Put the paper on Mr. Black's plate and he won't think of anything else. In case he should, however, you might warm up last night's stew."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Taken in Trade.

The ignorance of real cotton on the part of New York cotton-traders has long been a subject of disgust in the South. A Georgia cotton-grower recalls an incident which, he says, is a true measure of the margin-trader's knowledge.

A man who had been a member of the New York Cotton exchange for 20 years was invited to attend a banquet at the cotton-goods manufacturers' annual convention. The tables were decorated with great clusters of cotton bolls. The exchange member sat the feast through and listened to all the speeches. On the way out of the banquet hall he said to a friend:

"That was a fine feed all right, and good talk, but what I want to know is this: What is all that white fuzzy stuff in the middle of every table?"—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

At the Boarding House.

New Cook (anxiously)—There are 14 more to be served, ma'am, and we've nothing but dirty dishes.

Landlady—Hey, George, get the gravy!—Cornell Widow.

A Wagoner.

She—I think that sonata is the most moving music I ever heard.

He—No; the rattle of a furniture van beats it all hollow.

QUEER LAND TENURES

CEREMONIES OF ANCIENT DATE
OBSERVED IN ENGLAND.

Appear Somewhat Ridiculous in This
Day and Age, but Are Regarded
With Considerable Serious-
ness Across the Water.

Our British cousins still cling to some curious customs with respect to land tenures. Whenever, for instance, a certain estate at Chingford, in Essex, passes into new hands, the owner, with his wife, man servant, and maid servant, goes on horseback to the parsonage and pays homage by blowing three blasts on a horn. He carries a hawk on his wrist, and his servant leads a greyhound, both supposed to be for the use of the rector that day.

The new owner then receives a chicken for the hawk, a peck of oats for his horse, and a loaf of bread for his greyhound. After dinner the owner blows three more blasts, and then with his party withdraws from the rectory.

Another curious proceeding is known as "The Castor Whip Tenure." On Palm Sunday every year a servant from the Broughton estate attends service at Castor church with a new cart whip, and, after cracking it three times on the porch, marches with it to the manor house.

As the clergyman begins to deliver his sermon the servant quits his seat. A purse containing 30 pieces of silver is fixed at the end of the whiplash, and, kneeling on a cushion, he holds the purse suspended over the head of the minister until the end of the sermon. Then purse and whip are left at the manor house.

The "Whisper Court" at Rochford, in Essex, is a strange Michaelmas observance held under the auspices of the steward of the manor. The business of the court is transacted at midnight in the open air. The absence of a tenant is punishable by a fine of double his rent for each hour he fails to be in attendance; no artificial light except a firebrand is permitted; the proceedings are recorded by means of one of the embers of the brand. The roll of 14 tenants is called and answered in a whisper, and then all kneel and swear allegiance.

In explanation of this odd ceremony it is said that many years ago the lord of the manor, after an absence from his estate, was returning one night. Passing over what is now Kings hill, he accidentally heard of his discontented tenantry plotting his assassination, and, thus warned, went home by an unexpected route. He enacted that from that time forth the tenants on his estate should assemble every year exactly at the same time to do him homage round a post which he caused to be erected on the precise spot where the plotters met.—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

Only a Minor Difference.

An artist relates that a newly betrothed lover commissioned him to paint a certain secluded nook in the rocks on the shore, because there he had declared his passion.

The picture was painted, but before it was done the lover said to the artist:

"Of course, I will see you through on that picture, but our engagement is off, and naturally, it would be painfully suggestive to me. If you can sell it to somebody else, I will take another picture, and be extremely obliged besides."

The painter assented to the arrangement, but within a week his patron presented himself.

"It's all right," he announced. "I'll take that picture."

"Am I to congratulate you on the renewal of your engagement?" the artist asked.

The other seemed a little confused, but quickly recovered his self-possession, and laughed as he said:

"Well, not exactly; it was the same place, but the girl was different."

Expensive Flowers.

The conversation in a Washington club turned to flowers the other night, when Congressman James L. Slayden of Texas unfurled a gentle smile. He said he was reminded of the declaration of a certain Mr. Smith.

Smith was walking through the suburbs with a friend one afternoon, when they came to a house where the gardener was doing the spring planting. For a moment they stood and watched the work. "Speaking of flowers," remarked Smith as the pair passed on down the street, "I doubt if anything along that line is quite so expensive as sweet peas."

"Sweet peas," wonderingly returned the other. "I didn't know they were so very expensive."

"Oh, yes," was the positive rejoinder of Smith. "Thirteen dollars for a small bouquet. I just ruined a five-dollar pair of shoes, and an eight-dollar pair of trousers putting in the seeds at home."

Of Course Not.

Mrs. Church—Don't you think the fashions adapt themselves to the times?

Mrs. Gotham—Oh, my, yes! Why, when we wore bustles we didn't have these little fads.

Didn't Know Him.

Bacon—You say he asked you to loan him five dollars?

Egbert—Yes; and I hardly know him.

That's the reason he asked you, probably.

A REAL DUTY

of every person to try and maintain the highest possible standard of health. The plan can be helped along wonderfully by the use of

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

It tones, strengthens, invigorates the digestive organs, the liver and bowels and thus promotes good health.

NOTE DISTANT EARTHQUAKES

Observations Made at Isle of Wight and in Austria Confirmed Next Day by Telegraph.

An interesting example of the way in which modern seismographs record earthquakes occurring at a distance of many thousands of miles is afforded by a recent occurrence. Professor Milne at the Isle of Wight, Eng., noticed shocks whose point of origin was about eighty degrees distant, corresponding to the distance of Japan, San Francisco and Mexico. He thought it probable that the true point was in the east. At the same time Professor Belar, at Laibach, Austria, noticed the shocks, and declared that the center of the disturbance must be about three thousand seven hundred and fifty miles to the east. The next day the telegraph brought the news of a great earthquake, which had occurred at the time of the observations in Baluchistan, Asia, the town of Belput having suffered severely.

Dr. Grace Feder Thompson's Kore-tonik for men and women acts on every tissue, nerve and organ in the body. A thirty-day treatment for \$1. Address 948 Broadway, San Francisco, Cal.

New Fields.

"It's a sucker born every minute," remarked the bunko man, "but his wholesale news."

"Some explorer has discovered an entire new race."

Feminine Friends.

"I hear you are running against a man for office."
"Yes, I'm in the hands of my friends," said the lady.
"But his friends are holding the hands of your friends."

MRS. WINN'S ADVICE TO WOMEN

Take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and be Restored to Health.

Kansas City, Mo.—"The doctors told me I would never be a mother. Every month the pains were so bad that I could not bear my weight on one foot. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and had not finished the first bottle when I felt greatly relieved and I took it until it made me sound and well, and I now have two fine baby girls. I cannot praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound too highly for what it has done for me. I always speak a word in favor of my medicine to other women who suffer when I have an opportunity."—Mrs. H. T. WINN, 1225 Fremont Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

Read What Another Woman says: Cumming, Ga.—"I tell some suffering woman every day of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and what it has done for me. I could not eat or sleep, had a bad stomach and was in misery all the time. I could not do my housework or walk any distance without suffering great pain. I tried doctors' medicines and different patent medicines but failed to get relief. My husband brought home your Vegetable Compound and in two weeks I could eat anything, could sleep like a healthy baby, and walk a long distance without feeling tired. I can highly recommend your Vegetable Compound to women who suffer as I did, and you are at liberty to use this letter."—Mrs. CHARLES BAGLEY, R. 3, Cumming, Ga.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE MENTION THIS PAPER

S. F. N. U. 26, 1914

BLACK LEG

Losses surely prevented by Cutler's Blacking Pills. Low priced, fresh, reliable, preferred by Western stockmen because they prevent blackleg and footrot. Write for booklet and testimonials. 10-cent price. Blacking Pills 4.50. Use any injector, but Cutler's best. The superiority of Cutler's products is due to over 15 years of specialization in medicine and surgery. Insist on Cutler's. It is irrefragable, order direct. THE CUTLER LABORATORY, Berkeley, California.

MEMORIES OF STAR

Comedian Tells of a Lifetime's Recollections.

Time When Jack O'Brien, of Pugilistic Fame, Came to the Aid of Perilously Near Stranded Band of Theatians.

Leo H. White is to play comedy and dramatic parts. Mr. White will be remembered as the leading comedian with the original "Merry Widow" company. He was later a member of the "Gay Musician," a musical comedy, which played in New York for two seasons. Leo's experiences have been many and varied; among the most comical is the following: "I joined a small repertoire company in the state of Pennsylvania after the musical comedy in which I was playing 'blew up.' The company was a regular fly-by-night troupe of the barnstorm variety. We were to play a town of a thousand inhabitants the night after I joined them, and I was instructed to learn the part of 'Ham' in Hamlet. I did learn a few lines, and when the curtain rung up for my performance I managed to jabber my way through to the end. The people who saw the show thought it was great. A few nights later we reached a civilized town with the big population of 5,000. The manager of the opera house had some idea of the artistic quality of our company, and refused to let us play. Jack O'Brien, the well-known prize fighter, happened to be in town, which, by the way, was the town of his birth. He came to our assistance by agreeing to give a boxing exhibition after the last act, providing the manager of the theater would allow us to play there. If we hadn't played, I had resolved to eat my part in 'Hamlet.' Well, the show managed to pull through for the night, amidst catcalls and hen fruit. Well, now for the sad part of the story. A sparring partner had to be chosen to carry out the promised boxing exhibi-



Leo H. White.

tion, and they picked on me. At that time I weighed a hundred and two pounds, just a little more than Jack O'Brien's boxing gloves. He played with me for a little while and then I became peevish, smacking him roughly on the chin. Well—when I woke up the doctor at my bedside asked me if I cared to send any news to my relatives."

Films Becoming Cheaper.

Prices of motion-picture films are steadily falling. In March, 1912, the average export price, based upon ruling wholesale prices at the domestic points of shipment, was a little less than ten cents per linear foot, and in March of the present year, a little more than three and one-half cents. The unexposed films dropped in export price from 12 cents per foot in March, 1913, to three cents per foot in March of the current year, while the exposed films in the same period slightly declined.

Mostly Unexposed Films Sold.

Formerly most of the films were exposed before exportation; now about four-fifths of the entire quantity exported consists of unexposed films available for camera use in foreign countries. Of the month's exportations of motion-picture films, 20,000,000 feet were unexposed and 3,000,000 feet exposed, thus reversing the proportions which obtained in March of last year, when unexposed films represented only 83,000 feet out of a total of 3,000,000 feet of all kinds of films exported.

Foreign Sales of Films.

Our foreign sales of motion-picture films are chiefly to England. That country takes about nine-tenths of the total exports. The next largest customers are Canada, Australia, Cuba, France, Japan, Argentina, Brazil, Colombia, Venezuela, China, Hongkong, and the Philippine Islands. In many other countries, however, motion pictures are being made with cameras equipped with films manufactured in the United States, the world's largest purveyor of that article of increasing popularity.

GERDA HOLMES



Miss Gerda Holmes, pictured above, has reconsidered her determination to retire from the photo-plays, and will remain the star of a leading company.

SHOW COUNTRY IN INFANCY

Films of Patriotic Order Depict Scenes of Interest to the Youngsters.

A photo play depicting the strife between the early colonists and the Indians, and conflicts of the Revolution, the story of which centers about the famous Revolutionary leader, Francis Marion, will be presented in motion picture theaters. This drama, entitled, "Francis Marion; the Swamp Fox," is in three parts, and presents exciting battle scenes between the colonials and the British soldiers, as well as hand-to-hand conflicts engaged in by the settlers and the Indians. In these scenes hundreds of men participate.

A secret love affair between the hero and the daughter of a settler, which has its inception, when the former rescues the girl from the Indians, is interwoven in this story, culminating happily after the surrender of Cornwallis.

The opening scene of the play shows Cherokee Indians attack the cabin of Jacques Videau, setting the cabin on fire and killing all the occupants, as they flee from the flames, save the daughter, Mary, whom they make a prisoner. Francis Marion, at the head of a band of settlers, defeats and routs the savages, rescuing Mary and placing the orphaned girl in the care of his sister. Marion falls in love with Mary, but because indications point to a romance between her and Gabriel, his nephew, Marion conceals his affection.

When war is declared between the colonies and Great Britain Francis Marion organizes a body of troops and offers the services of his regiment to Gen. Gates, but that officer declines to enlist them. They adopt the first American flag, the rattlesnake design, with the inscription underneath, "Don't Tread on Me." Marion and his men create terror in the British lines by appearing and attacking when and where they are least expected and doing much damage.

Lord Cornwallis who has become worried because of the American commander's activity sends Col. Tarleton, known as "The Butcher," to capture "The Swamp Fox," but the latter is warned of the red coats' approach and escapes with his men. Tarleton finding his quarry gone raids the home of Marion's sister, driving the inmates from the house, with the exception of Mary. The British officers then occupy the house.

Marion's men attack the British camp and set fire to Marion's house with burning arrows, driving out the redcoat officers and defeating the English force. Mary is rescued from the blaze and learns that Gabriel was killed in the fray.

Two months later, after the surrender of Cornwallis, Marion returns to his home. Believing that Mary was in love with his nephew, he offers her his sympathy for her bereavement, but to his surprise Mary embraces him and, knowing that he is too diffident to propose, she "pops the question" herself. For a moment Marion is bewildered, but he soon recovers from the happy shock and takes her in his arms.

Classic in "Movies."

Within the last year there has been much activity in the producing of famous books and modern stage successes as motion pictures, but so far few attempts have been made to put the classic English dramas on the screen. There is therefore considerable interest in the production of "She Stoops to Conquer" as a motion picture. To put a play in which there is such a constant succession of brilliant dialogue into the silent drama seems rather startling at first, but, judging by reports, the scheme has proved a success.

The film was first shown in London a few nights ago, and dispatches state that several of the most conservative London papers reviewed the work favorably. It will probably be imported and shown in this country at an early date, although definite information on this point is not available at present.

INSTANT DEATH IN CREVASSE

One of the Tragedies That Seem Inseparable From Antarctic Exploration.

Tragic was the fate that overtook two of Doctor Mawson's companions in the course of their recent explorations in the Antarctic. This account is taken from the Geographical Journal: "As regards the disastrous sledge journey from the main base with Lieutenant Ninnis and Doctor Merz, Doctor Mawson says that his object in undertaking it was to dash as far east as possible so as to ascertain the nature of the land in that direction. The three men had the assistance of 16 dogs in dragging a load of over seven hundred pounds. On December 14, 1912, the party were in 68 degrees 53 minutes south, 151 degrees 35 minutes east, having covered a distance of 211 miles. The track had lain over plateau heights and crevassed glacial depressions, the totals of the ascents having reached 9,000 feet. All were in the highest spirits, as prospects seemed good for a further advance over an unbroken plateau at a safe distance from the crevassed coastal downfalls. The day was a beautiful one and Doctor Merz was leading on ski, Doctor Mawson following with the first dog-team, while Lieutenant Ninnis brought up the rear with the sledge containing the most vital necessities. Unexpectedly the faint outline of a crevasse crossing the path was noticed, but both Doctor Merz and Doctor Mawson crossed without halting or regarding it as a cause for anxiety.

"The latter called back 'Crevasse!' to Lieutenant Ninnis, but on looking back soon after saw nothing but a blank expanse of snow and ice. Hastening back, the two travelers found a yawning abyss, and at length discerned an injured dog caught on a ledge, but no trace of their comrade, who must have gone down to the invisible depths below—certainly to instant death. After calling for hours without answer, they read the burial service and started on their return, with only one and a half weeks' food for themselves and none for the six emaciated dogs. There was saved also a spare tent cover, for which a frame was improvised out of a pair of ski and a theodolite's legs.

"The food was strictly apportioned to the distance to be covered, but bad weather was encountered and the dogs gave out daily, until soon none was left. No nutriment was to be extracted from their flesh and by January 3 both travelers were very weak, Merz being in the worse case of the two, though still cheerful. Unable to proceed on foot, his companion dragged him painfully in the sledge, but about midnight of January 8-9 he passed away. A month of terrible privation for the survivor followed, with miraculous escapes from falls into crevasses, but Doctor Mawson unexpectedly came upon a cache containing food, left by a search party, and eventually reached the hut."

Space and Eyesight.

When we speak of outer space, the space between star and star, as being empty of matter, it is rather interesting to see exactly what we mean. We know from observation on the planets that light, in its passage across space to our earth, suffers hardly any absorption, and from this fact we can deduce conclusions respecting the density of such matter as exists in outer space.

If the degree of rarefaction in outer space is, for example, in the neighborhood of the one hundred-millionth part of an atmosphere, the appearance of Jupiter, for instance, would be as if our atmosphere had twice its present opacity. So that such matter as exists must be in a much more rarefied state. But after all these terms are only comparative.

Suppose our atmosphere were allowed to expand up to the limits of the visible universe, as far as the Milky way, then its rarefaction would be such that it would be quite impossible, by any optical means, to detect the presence of any matter. Nevertheless, there would be about five thousand molecules per cubic centimeter throughout space.

Heavy-Handed.

Postmaster General Burleson smiled, at a luncheon in Washington, over the suggestion that the parcel post's rivalry of the express companies was bad for the people's transport trade.

"Bad for the people?" said Mr. Burleson. "Well, sir, when you say that, you remind me of one of our oldest post office stories. 'According to this story, a postmaster said to a customer: 'This letter won't go for two cents.' 'What's the matter with it?' 'Too heavy.' 'Too heavy, hey? Well, that's just about what I expected. My son wrote that letter, and I told him at the time he was writin' too heavy a hand; but he kep' bearin' down and bearin' down—Here, give it back. I'll take it home and make him do it over in lead pencil.'—Chicago Record-Herald.

Ignorance Is Bliss.

"Don't you know that I don't allow any man to kiss my daughter?" said the indulgent father.

"Well, how was I to know she was your daughter, sir?" replied the young man.

Important.

Tommie—And did Noah only have two of each kind in the ark, pop? Father—So we are told. "And were both deas on one of the logs, pop?"

PILLOW A LIFE PRESERVER

Keeps Person's Head Well Above Water and Leaves Limbs Free—Designed by Marylander.

Since the sinking of the Titanic the patent office has been deluged with applications on life preservers. One of the latest of these is that shown herewith and designed by a Maryland man. An elongated pillow, filled with buoyant, non-absorbent material, has a narrow transverse slot through which the head is passed. There are also devices by which the adjacent portions of the bag may be fastened around the chest, and the ends extend back and front for additional support. The advantage of this preserver is that only the head is above water, and as the average person weighs only 2½ pounds in the water, the body



New Life Preserver.

below the pillow has very little effect on its buoyancy. The arms and legs are left perfectly free.

Free to Our Readers.

Write Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for 46-page illustrated Eye Book Free. Write all about Your Eye Trouble and they will advise as to the Proper Application of the Murine Eye Remedies in Your Special Case. Your Druggist will tell you that Murine Relieves Sore Eyes, Strengthens Weak Eyes, Doesn't Smart, Soothes Eye Pain, and seals for 50c. Try It in Your Eyes and in Baby's Eyes for Scaly Eyelids and Granulations.

Criticizing Father.

"Father used to have to hurry through his work in order to get to the golf links in the afternoon," said Maymie.

"Yes," replied Maude; "and now he has to hurry away from the dancing party in order to get his breakfast and go to work in the morning."

It Cures While You Walk.

Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for hot, sweating, callous, and swollen, aching feet. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.—Adv.

Friendship.

"I wonder why the baron and Javomir, the poet, always go about together. They are so utterly different."
"Well, the baron thinks himself intellectual when he is with the poet, and the poet thinks he looks smart when he is with the baron."—Flegende Blaetter.

Acid Stomach, heartburn and nausea quickly disappear with the use of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills. Send for trial box to 372 Pearl St., N. Y.—Adv.

A Wife to a Thousand.

"What's worrying you just now?"
"You know that female doctor I married?"
"Sure."
"Every time I want to speak to her I have to wait until office hours and then she charges me \$2 for the consultation."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Useless Effort.

There isn't much use asking humanity to bow before a great sacrifice when they constantly are prostrating themselves before enormous wealth. Worms expelled promptly from the human system with Dr. Peery's Vermifuge "Dead Shot."—Adv.

Automatic rewinding reels for motion picture films have been invented by an Ohioan.

The power derived from a windmill increases practically with the cube of the wind velocity.

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All makes of typewriters sold, rented and repaired. Smith-Premier, \$20. New and second-hand Stearns Visible. Country orders solicited. The Typewriterium, 225 Montgomery St., San Francisco

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Placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Nest, clean, odorless, convenient. Lasts all season. Made of metal, can't corrode or rust. Guaranteed effective. Sold by dealers, or 6 sent by express postpaid for \$1.

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Let him play in overalls with never a care in the world and you will make him a healthy, happy boy. Be sure to buy him

Two-Horse Brand Overalls

The kind that is made for comfort and long wear. A New FREE if They Rip



Made By LEVI STRAUSS & CO., San Francisco

Then He Got Clubbed.

Her Father—You could never support my daughter on your beggarly salary.

Suitor—I realize that, sir; and I've been wondering if we couldn't—er—club together.—Boston Evening Transcript.

Use Roman Eye Balm for scalding sensation in eyes and inflammation of eyes or eyelids.—Adv.

Sizing Up a Host.

Teacher—What is a host, Tommie? Tommie—I dunno, ma'am. "Suppose your father gave a dinner to a number of his friends what would he be?"

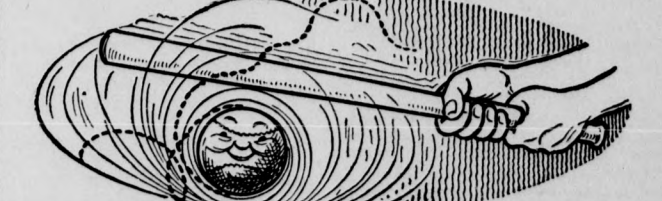
"He'd be the 'goat,' I reckon."

Putnam Fadeless Dyes are the easiest to use.

Fish guano as a supplemental food for cattle, hogs and poultry is coming into general use in Germany.

Easy to Misjudge Remedy You Need

In Overcoming Blood Trouble Do Not Be Fooled By Mere Claims.



Study the Game and You Will Understand Why Some Things Are Deceptive.

In treating any blood disorder the fundamental fact must be observed that the aim and object of the medicine used is to permit a bit, a home run and a sure, safe hit every time. Now the propulsive effect of S. S. S. is to regulate the blood formation, to assist in development of tissue and to have a decided bearing upon the lymphatic influence, all of which is in the promotion of blood health. And this propulsive effect will be similar to the straight ball pitched to insure a safe hit and not the deceptive gratings designed to fool the batter. S. S. S. is a powerful mixture to move the bowels and thus safely play upon susceptible minds. It is not a nerve excitant to exhilarate for the moment and then die away. It contains none of those mineral drugs which dry up the tissues. In other words, it does not play to the bleachers nor to the "fans." It is just a wholesome, powerful, searching blood remedy, one ingredient of which serves the active purpose of arousing each cellular part of the tissues to select from the blood the nutriment or materials required for renewal of health. S. S. S. is prepared from nature's own materials, not an ounce of drugs being used. And yet it is more potent, more powerful, more searching and more productive of restorative results than from the most active of all the minerals employed in medicine. Its action by elimination of the irritating poisons that infect the blood, is one of the very important things to know. You can get S. S. S. at any drug store, but take no other so-called blood purifier falsely claimed "just as good." S. S. S. is prepared by The Swift Specific Co., 600 Swift Bldg., Atlanta, Ga. and if you have any deep-seated or obstinate blood trouble, write to their Medical Dept. for free advice. It will be worth your while to do so.

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SOCIETIES.

Masonic Notice

Charity Lodge, No. 362, F. & A. M., Campbell, Cal. Stated meetings held on the second Monday of each month.
C. H. Whitman, W. M.
James Fabinger, Secretary.

Independent Order of Odd Fellows

Morning Light Lodge, No. 42, meets every Thursday evening in Odd Fellows Hall. Sojourning brothers are cordially invited to attend the lodge meetings.
Howard Trussell, Noble Grand.
E. C. Merrill, Secretary.

Patrons of Husbandry

Orchard City Grange, No. 333, meets on the second and fourth Tuesday evenings at the Odd Fellows Hall. Sojourning members are cordially invited to attend.
J. E. Wiesendanger, Worthy Master.
Mrs. Edna Keessing, Worthy Secretary.

Federal Aid Association

Palm Leaf Council, No. 560, meets on the second and fourth Saturday evenings at Odd Fellows Hall. Sojourning members are cordially invited to attend.
MR. WM. COUPLAND, President.
Mrs. S. J. Brandenburg, Secretary.

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A Bitter Tongue.

It was at a concert. The eminent pianist was embarked upon an ambitious classical program. The single individual present who had paid for his ticket turned to his right hand neighbor, obviously by his bored and superior air a person whose business it was to attend concerts—a musical critic. "Beg pardon," said the individual, "but isn't that something of Chopin's—that last number?" "It is," replied the critic morosely—"when somebody else plays it."—New York Post.

WASHINGTON LETTER

(Special Correspondence.)

Following the news received here that Amos Pinchot, a member of the Progressive State and County Committee of New York, had demanded in an open letter the retirement from the Progressive party of George W. Perkins, chairman of the Progressive National Executive Committee, the general opinion among Congressmen was that the Progressives are rapidly disintegrating and will soon have no organization anywhere worthy of consideration.

Some of the Progressives have actually asked President Wilson to help drive Perkins out of the party, though why they should ask a Democratic President to do this cannot be fathomed by the political prophets and wisecracks in Washington.

Pinchot Says Perkins a Monopolist.

Pinchot declared in his letter: "An element in our party leadership, headed by George W. Perkins, the present chairman of the National Executive Committee, favors the protection of private monopoly in American industry, and, since the party's formation, has been taking active steps to commit the party to that policy. The chairman of our Executive Committee is actively opposed to the recognition of labor's right to organize and deal with capital through labor unions, and has frequently gone on record to this effect."

There is little doubt in Washington that the Progressive party leaders will soon be fighting like Kilkenny cats, with the result that what now remains of the party will soon disappear as a factor in political affairs.

California Is Republican.

Information that the Republicans are far in the lead in the California registration has been received here with rejoicings by Republican leaders of House and Senate. It means, say those leaders, that a solid Republican House delegation will be returned from California and a Republican will succeed Senator Perkins in the Senate. It is the general belief here that Representative Knowland, of Alameda, will have a walk-over for the Senatorial nomination and a certain election to succeed Senator Perkins. All of the Republicans, Representatives Kahn, Curry and Hayes, will be returned to the House without a doubt, while things look black for the re-election of the so-called Progressives, while the Democrats, it is said, are doomed to bite the dust of defeat.

Theoretical Mr. Wilson.

"Psychological Depression" is the latest to come out of the White House in explanation of the waning business of the country, the thousands of men out of work, and the hard times being experienced by the farmers—all the direct result of the Democratic tariff bill and the blundering and theoretical dreams of the Princeton Professor.

The President's explanation that the present depression of business is merely psychological has brought unbounded relief to all thinkers and theorists. Of course a psychological depression is a much more comforting sort than a materialistic or realistic one. You have only to correct the thought and the depression becomes a hump.

We have here a marvelous application to economics of the "science" of mental healing. The sickness of the commercial body is really in the commercial mind. Business only imagines that its supply of nutrition is reduced, that its circulation is weak, that its nerves are shaken and that it is unable to develop its accustomed healthy energy. The effects of the tariff are an illusion; the paralysis of the railroads is a distorted mental perception; stagnant industry is hypochondria and unemployment hallucination.

Asinine, simply asinine, California readers. We have a dreamer, stumbling around among dusty old books on theories of government and political affairs, running the White House. Democrats Sick of Wilson.

The Wilson administration is such a rank failure that even leading Democrats are turning against the President.

Democratic leaders are bitterly blaming the President for all the party's troubles. The State Department and the Chautauqua troubadour at its head are the targets for shafts of ridicule over the farcical handling of the Mexican imbroglio and Secretary Bryan's recent announcement that he will again take to the stage in pursuit of the nimble dollar he loves so well, despite the pressing duties of his position.

Democratic Congressmen are receiving reports from all over the country of great and widespread dissatisfaction with the Administration.

Democrats in Congress pondering over the reports reaching them of disaffection to the party throughout the country, ask one another, "What's the matter with the Administration?"

The President's insistence upon canal tolls repeal is resented by many of the Senators and Congressmen, who are forced to vote for it. The Administration's policy on this subject is not popular in the country.

Some of the most experienced leaders in Congress have urged upon the President the unfortunate effects which constant radical legislation, without any breathing space for business readjustment, must have upon what should otherwise be good and profitable times for the people generally.

Mr. Wilson's answer was to insist upon a hurried completion of his party programme before the Congressional elections.

Legislation mad. Obsessed with the idea of "trying on the dog," every half-baked theory that he absorbed out of the dusty old tomes at Princeton.

Well Connected.

The telephone girl may truthfully say that she is connected with the best families.—Pelican.

Local and Personal

Mrs. Geo. Page and children, Earl and Edwina, plan to go to Capitola, Monday for an indefinite time, depending upon Earl's improvement.

Dr. and Mrs. A. Atkinson and children and Rev. Atkinson's children left for Capitola this morning to spend the greater part of the summer.

The Orchard City Canning Co., will begin the season's work tomorrow and Manager P. B. Payne says business is looking good for fruit work. A number of changes have been made about the plant to facilitate the work and increase the production.

The slides Mr. Atkinson has received for Sunday evening service are especially beautiful. 78 colored slides describing the Mindanao region of the Philippines, showing natural scenery, native customs, head hunters and work among the Moros. This is a new set just from the East.

Mrs. J. Carter and Mrs. G. M. Ellison are chaperoning a party of young ladies at Call of the Wild. They left Saturday, intending to stay for two weeks. In addition to the chaperons the party includes Catherine Cooper, Merle Cutting, Muriel and Nannette Ellison, Marjorie Duncan and Eleanor Carter.

Mrs. L. D. Cole will have charge of the nursery department at Geo. E. Hyde & Co.'s plant beginning Monday June 29. Every convenience will be given. Mothers with children desiring work in our drying and canning departments will be well accommodated. Children over 12 may work in the drying department if they get a permit from their school principal.

Geo. E. Hyde & Co.

Tonight, the Campbell Choral Society under the direction of Miss Resch-Peterson, will sing "The Chimes of Normandy" at the High School. Mrs. G. S. Robson at the piano and Prof. Jos. Hammeck, violinist, will accompany. The funds netted from this concert will be added to the library fund and every public spirited citizen should show his interest in the good work by boosting the fund.

The men of the Congregational church have been burning the grass on the church grounds today to prevent any danger from fire. Every precaution should be taken during the dry season when every part of town is full of campers, and children are left more or less alone, to see that any possibility of fire is obviated. Remember that the two fires of last year occurred during the fruit season.

Mrs. Wilson Very Low

It has become our painful duty to announce the critical illness of one who was but recently one of Campbell's best loved and most highly respected women, Mrs. J. F. Wilson, who lies at the portals of the Great Beyond, and is hourly expected to pass through. Some weeks past Mrs. Wilson underwent a very serious operation at St. Luke's Hospital in San Francisco, and a few days since was obliged to submit to a second to relieve her intense suffering. It was evident then that she could not rally and her friends here have kept in constant touch with her condition, and Mrs. R. Alison was with her Thursday. This entire community extends to her devoted husband and children the deepest sympathy and our hearts go out to them in their deep sorrow.

Sunnyside Notes

E. Fritz and A. W. Johnson of Sunnyside left Sunday for the new town of Farallone, San Mateo County, where Mr. Johnson has purchased some lots and is building a modern five room bungalow.

Edgar Kennedy and Claire Bryant attended the Epworth League Convention at Mt. Hermon.

Mr. Geo. Cowles and children, Miss Ruth and Raymond, and James Huntley, are at Capitola for a short vacation.

Miss Mary Phelps, who recently graduated from a school girl into the young lady class, will spend the summer with her sister, Mrs. A. A. Hall of Quincy, Plumas Co.

Miss Beryl Giles of Redding is visiting her aunt, Mrs. R. W. Kennedy and Mrs. E. Fritz.

Mr. Joachim has sold his place on Sunnyside and will move to San Jose in the near future.

Canning Season On

The J. C. Ainsley Packing Co. and the Geo. E. Hyde plants began operations Wednesday and the busy season is on with a rush. This is just a week earlier than last season but the rush is not quite so pronounced. The Ainsley cannery has been quite extensively enlarged and more modern machinery installed to increase the out-put. The cutting room has been altered and individual seats provided. The room is being wired for lighting with extra lights for night work.

The Hyde plant has added new machinery in the cannery in preparation for a big season.

Out For Congress

L. D. Bohnett, one of Campbell's own boys, has announced his candidacy for Congress from the Eighth District to succeed E. A. Hayes. Bohnett will run as a Progressive. He has been identified with the Progressive movement in California from its beginning. In 1908 he was elected to the State Assembly from Santa Clara county, and served in the memorable session of 1909. That session, the legislators who opposed the old-time "organization" united against the old-time element. Bohnett of San Jose and Hinkle of San Diego were the recognized leaders of the new movement in the Assembly.

The principal clash in the Assembly between the two factions came over the Direct Primary law. After the measure had passed the Senate, the "organization" attempted to defeat it by amendments in the Assembly. Bohnett and his associates opposed these amendments.

It was this contest which brought Mr. Bohnett to the fore as a legislative floor leader. He was re-elected to the Assembly in 1910. The Progressive element was now in full control. Bohnett was made leader of the Assembly. He led the Assembly debates on most of the important Progressive measures which that year enacted or submitted to the referendum of the electors.

He was the author of the 1911 Railroad Regulation bill in the Assembly, and led the fight for this measure. Governor Johnson in an interview described the passage of this bill as "the greatest achievement of the present legislature, and indeed of any Legislature of the State of California in the last few decades."

Bohnett was re-elected to the Assembly in 1912. A strong following advanced him Speaker of 1913 session, but Bohnett withdrew in the interest of C. C. Young of Berkeley, and Young became Speaker. Bohnett continued floor leader of the Progressive majority.

Franklin Hichborn, in his story of the California Legislature of 1913 says of the Abatement bill: "Credit for the Assembly's prompt action is due Assemblyman Bohnett of San Jose. Bohnett had his forces thoroughly organized. There were no false moves nor poor plays. All day long the opposition beat against the measure's support to no purpose. No impression was made. To Bohnett's good generalship was due in large measure the overwhelming Assembly vote for the bill."

How to Fight a Fire

Here are a few suggestions for fighting a fire, according to the secretary of the Fire Bureau of New York City. There are two ways of doing it: By smothering it or by drowning it. Smother it if you can, he says; it is the best way. Fire must have air to burn, so throw a rug or any other heavy fabric over it. If you cannot smother fire, try drowning it with water, or salt, sand, flour or baking-powder, but never sugar, as it burns fiercely.

Get a pail of water first thing; in fact, if you live in the country where you have to fight a fire unaided, you ought to have buckets of water always on hand. Now, here is an important thing to remember: Do not throw the water, if you can avoid it, for you may not hit the fire in your one throw. Above all things, keep cool, and pour the water on the fire, or dip it out with your hands. Sprinkling will often do as much good as drenching it, and the water will go farther.

The wet broom is the best fire extinguisher ever invented, for you can throw a solid sheet of water with it or just a spray. If you live in the country bear this in mind, that a wet broom is "as good as a hose, an extinguisher and a fireman's hook rolled into one," so says this New York fireman. You can beat out a fire with a broom or pull down a burning curtain.

For a closet or cupboard fire the broom is just the thing. If you find flames in a closet, close the door until you get your broom and pail of water. Then use the broom to pull the contents to the floor, where you can beat out the fire with water from the broom.—Exchange.

Exposition Notes

The Palace of Education of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco in 1915 will contain the largest and most exhaustive Child Welfare Exhibit ever assembled. The Department of Education, under the direction of James A. Barr, will be devoted to the study of child culture, rather than to the exploitation of pedagogic theories. A large proportion of the space within the Palace will be subdivided into model class rooms in which children of various nations participating will be put through actual class work under the supervision of experts.

Paul Manship, the talented young American sculptor who recently won the Helen Foster Barnett prize at the winter exhibit of the National Academy of Design, will be represented at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition by four vertical groups, "Eternity and Change," "Order and Chaos," "Music" and "The Joy of Living." These four groups will stand upon the upper ramps of the sunken garden in the Court of the Universe.

- LEGAL -

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY J. WESTFALL, Deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administratrix of the estate of Mary J. Westfall, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this Notice, to the said administratrix at the office of L. D. Bohnett, Rooms 313-314 Bank of San Jose Building, in the City of San Jose, California, the same being the place for the transaction of all business pertaining to said estate.

San Jose, this 29th day of May, A. D. 1914.
LILLIAN E. HOWLAND,
Administratrix.

L. D. BOHNETT,
Attorney for said Administratrix.

Mexican Serenade

That will not modify the honest and serene policy of the government of this republic. V. Huerta.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Come out, my love, upon the hacienda's broad piazza
And listen while the mocking bird trills out his evening lay;
I saw them execute a rebel down beyond the plaza.
He said Carranza's troops were only forty miles away.

Come out, my love, the summer sun is sinking round and red
From out the golden glory of the glowing summer sky;
Last night they stabbed a friend of poor Madero in his bed;
I hear a dozen other men are surely doomed to die.

Come, come, my love; the moon is shining out in all its glory,
Its rays are shimmering down upon the peaceful, sleeping town.
A straggler from the border just told me a gory story
About the way our Maxims mowed the insurgents down.

Ah, haste, my love, this quiet hour is speeding on apace,
Already has the night bird ceased its call;
Soon must I hurry on to seek a secret hiding place;

Tonight, they say, the Yankees storm our walls!—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Court of the Universe, the great central court of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, was designed to commemorate the meeting of the nations of the Occident and the Orient, through the opening of the Panama Canal. At the east and west entrances to the Court will stand two triumphal Arches, surmounted by allegorical groups representing the progress of "The Nations of the East" and "The Nations of the West." A. Stirling-Calder, Frederick G. Roth, and Leo Lentelli, three of the best known of American sculptors, collaborated in producing these two groups.

The illumination of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco in 1915 will be a triumph of American engineering. For the first time in the history of Exposition building, the "flood lighting system" will be used for outdoor illuminations. By the use of thousands of nitrogenous arcs, of a type never before perfected, and not to be used elsewhere until the close of the exposition, the chief zone of illumination throughout the 635 acres of exposition grounds will be maintained at night to a height of 125 feet, with a variation of but five per cent throughout this height.

Would Stick to 'Em.
Nell—She is one of those women who are positively unhappy unless they are miserable. Belle—Yes, she is thoroughly convinced that a thorn in the flesh is worth two in the bush.—Philadelphia Record.

Benevolence.
Benevolence is invincible if it be not an affected smile nor acting a part.—Marcus Aurelius.

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